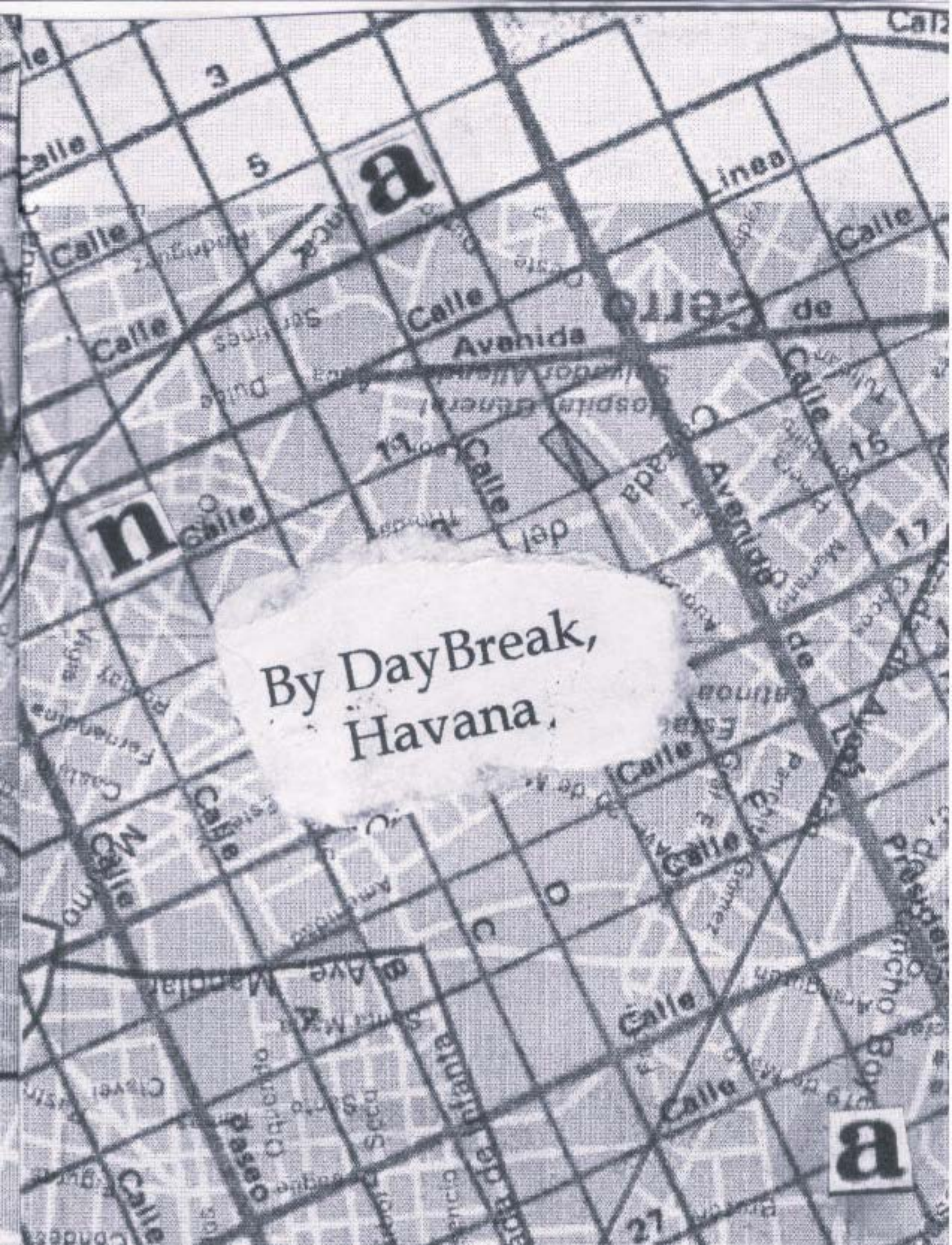




By DayBreak,
Havana,

By DayBreak, Havana

for Omar, Emil, Iggy Scam

Matt and Harve sat on the toiletpaper curb in front of the Flying Lemur Saloon, kicking an empty bottle back and forth. The duct tape on their tennis shoes muffled for a slight instant the loud pebble rolling clinkclink of the thick green glass. Matt released his chest, his furry mane fell forward into his thick grimy fingers. Harve leaned a little to the left, his fingers peeling through the sticker ripped pockets of his frayed camouflage shorts. Producing a folded pack of cigarettes, he slid one of the pale white tubes out of the pack.

"Jesus Christ," the broken filter stuck to Harve's chapped lower lip, "you got a light?"

Matt groaned. Burping through the red mosaic double doors of the Saloon, Ignatius and Scott staggered, arm in arm over toward the slumped backs of their curbed co-conspirators. Ignatius' large work boot bit a loosened shard of concrete, his balance surrendered and he fell face down onto the spitout chewing gum sidewalk. From his spread eagle police-prone position, he cackled his rooster giggle. Scott hocked a glance down on his friend, shook his shaved knit cap off his skull and sat down next to Harve.

"Scott, man, you got a ..." Harve thumbed toward his un-lit cigarette.

Scott mumbled into the knit cap that he intently pressed into his face, "Naw, I burned them all up earlier trying to get that fuse to ignite. Ask Iggy, he might have snagged some somewhere."

Matt shot up. His arms flapped like a diseased, pellet wounded pigeon. There burned a bright car bomb fire in his eyes, "Dude! Let's steal Angleo's boat and fucking invade Cuba!"

Ignatius, who had crawled backward toward the brick wall of the Saloon, bounced up suddenly animated, "Hell yeah! If we go now we could be there by day break and catch them unawares just as they are waking up and stepping into the shower!" Then he was gone, racing furiously down the night carved street. His friends watched his long filthy dreadlocks lap up the humid mushroom patches of midnight, his short pants slowly sliding down the tanned chickenhead flesh of his thighs.

"Iggy! Iggy! Where the fuck you going?" screeched Harve after the disappearing drunkened blur.

A silent reply willowed back underneath the flickering street lights, "I gotta get my boxing gloves ..."

Arriving outside its harbor on April 11, they set ~~three hundred conquistadors~~ ashore, easily brushing aside three dozen defenders. They pillaged and eventually spared the city for a ransom of four thousand pesos. ■

Forty-five minutes passed. Harve, Matt, and Scott knelt among the barnacled sea weary wood of the Governor Piers. They stared blankly at the undulating back of the moon speckled aquatic leviathan, listening half-heartedly to the swaying ripples pop and chortle. The immediate crisp impact of a bottle slamming into a thousand pearly glass nuggets, caused them some sudden alarm. Bathed in dancing shadows, Iggy emerged from behind the heavy, dark brownish-red curtain of night. He cradled in his muscular forearms a military daubed duffel bag. His knavish smirk forced his cohorts to their feet.

"Dude, look at this shit ..." the bag flipped over, vomiting out its concealed, rugged contents. A matte black crowbar, a shiny silver aluminum baseball bat, a small rust scratched hatchet, and a pair of stuffing scarred orange boxing gloves, thudded onto the termite smoothed planks of the pier. The crowd went wild, each grabbed at the collection of weaponed treasures, caressively brandishing them through the air, exchanging war crying proclamations.

"Fuckin' hell, I borrowed the crowbar and bat from some garage. They were just sitting there, well I had to search around for the crowbar, but ..." Iggy proudly confessed.

With the gentle licking of the sea water mucus prickling against the hull of their small craft vessel, Harve pulled the grappling white and blue engine chord a

few violent times attempting to jump start the tiny machine's propeller.

Iggy, ever so impatiently, smacked the baseball bat against the moist hide of the massive leviathan, "All death to the Tyrants! ... Viva la Boxing Glove Revolution! ... Anarchy in the streets of Havana! ... Why the fuck aren't we moving, yet?"

Matt and Scott had unearthed two shinny yellow oars from underneath one of the foamy blue padded seats. Penetrating the watery abyss, they began to methodically row.



Castro came to power promising
of the first acts of the revolutionary
educate hundreds of prostitutes
bus drivers, and waitresses. He
tion believed that women would have a better life under
socialism. Now they, as well as the exiled opposition
constitution as a sign that

Twenty minutes later, about a mile and an half out, under the albatross hollow moon. Grown half-naked and demoralized by sweat, Matt and Scott had stopped rowing. Adrift on the breathing currents of the sea, the boat barely moved. Iggy bolted up, the craft rocked threateningly, his oversized boxing gloves gashed through the air. A sorceress spotlight flooded the small boat with authoritative illumination. A gruff, loudspeaker shortened voice bellowed across the bow, "This is the Florida State Coast Guard, identify yourselves."

Iggy's puffed up target chest heaved, "We are the Boxing Glove Pirates! The Cuban Liberation Invasiory Force headed straight for Fidel's bedroom!"

The pork-stuffed Captain of the coast guard vessel tossed a metal rope ladder into the stolen rowboat. Iggy refused to abandon the glorious ship, contending to himself even while being towed back to shore, "You fascists can't stop the Revolution! Cuba will be freed! Boxing in the streets ... boxing in the fuckin' streets of Havana!"

"So what got into you boys that you thought that you could actually make it to Cuba in that tiny boat?" the Captain drilled underneath a swaying string light bulb.

Harve pointed at the dangling cigarette plastered to the middle of his lip, "I was just looking for a light, man ... just looking for a goddamned light."



